
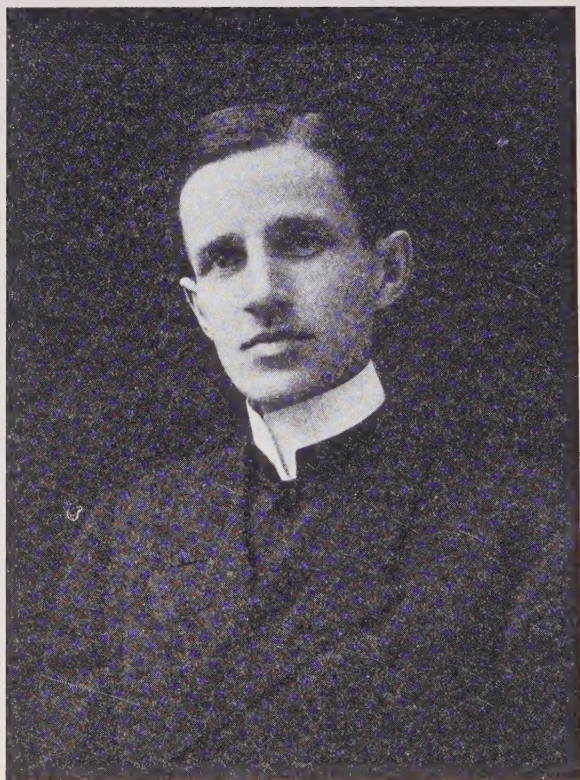


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REV. OLIVER J. VAN WAGNEN

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His Life and Work



REV. OLIVER J. VAN WAGNEN died at 11:40 o'clock on Saturday morning, July 5th, 1913, at the home of his parents, 911 Westcott St., Syracuse, N. Y. after a sickness of nearly a year, although for several years he had been fighting bravely the insidious destroyer. The funeral

was held from the home on Monday evening at 7:30, Rev. Dr. W. W. Dawley officiating, assisted by Rev. Augustine P. Manwell; burial in the family plat at McLean, New York.

Mr. VanWagnen was born in Oswego, January 4th, 1884, the only child of John J. and Ada A. Maltby Van Wagnen and moved to Syracuse with his parents when a babe of two years. He was educated in the public and grammar schools of the city, but during the course it was thought best to make a change of climate, and in April of 1901 he went, with his mother, to New Mexico. In September he entered the University of New Mexico, at Albuquerque and delivered the valedictory upon his graduation. He then entered the Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley, California, and was graduated in 1907. He was ordained while pastor of the Congregational Church at Sunol Glenn and served two years. Receiving a call from the Congregational Church at Auburn, California, he served there two years, or until September, 1909, when a change of climate again seemed advisable, and he returned eastward, rejoining his parents in Syracuse for the winter. In this period he supplied the pulpits of the Good Will and Danforth Congregational Churches with much acceptability.

In the latter part of June, 1910, he went to Madrid, St. Lawrence County, for ten weeks to supply the pulpit of the Congregational Church, entering in September a two years' term as pastor of the church at Wanakena on Cranberry Lake in the Adirondacks, his health still being the governing consideration in choosing a location, although several attractive calls from city pulpits had been considered. In the fall of 1912 he entered Hartford, Conn., Theological Seminary for post-graduate study to fit himself for a chair in Christian Apologetics, but in January his failing strength compelled him to relinquish his studies, and he came home to Syracuse to remain until the end.



LESS than thirty years, and the handicap of a frail body, but a spirit on fire with zeal for the Master he loved! How he overcame the weakness of the body, and how the Spirit in him worked mightily for God! To come in contact with such a life meant that the one who was touched by it must be stronger, better, purer, for such contact.

The writer had the blessed privilege of sharing with the dear Mother in caring for Oliver during the last weeks. Oh! that we could make you feel and share and be strengthened by that which we saw and felt; the wonderful patience, the sweet spirit that waited so calmly for the call which would release the spirit from the worn-out body! Such exhaustion, and no murmur or complaint, only words of love and appreciation for all who cared for him. Could one be with him and think of a thing called Death? No. He said, as he talked freely while able: "There must be no sadness, no weeping, when I go, for I am going Home." He counted it all joy. How we felt the truth of Paul's words in this case, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

Oliver told the writer that early in the spring, when the pain and weakness were almost unendurable, he one night clenched his hands and beat his breast and told God he could not endure it longer; then he said (and oh! the sweetness of it as he told it), "The Heavenly Father said to me, 'you are a naughty little child, just a naughty little child, the *time* is not yet'." Then he was given a vision of what the results are when we await God's time and do not break in with our little wishes and desires. From that hour he was helped so wonderfully, and waited without question for the Father's time.

The morning of the 5th he was unconscious till a moment before the passing, when he opened his eyes and looked upward. Such a look! The eyes like deep wells, so clear and intelligent! Over his face passed a look of wonder and awe, and then a smile of understanding and joy. Then the dear eyes came to the Mother's face and to the friend who stood close by her. From one to the other he looked, and the Mother asked him if he knew us to try and close his eyes. He did, and gave a faint inclination of the head, and in another moment his soul was with the God who gave it.

How wonderful and beautiful it was! A fitting close to such a life. Just here the words of Phillips Brooks seem to fit:

"If we could only know, somewhat as John must have known after his vision, the presence of God into which our friend enters on the other side, the higher standards, the larger following with all his race, and the new assurance of personal immortality in God;—if we could know all this, how all else would give way to something almost like a burst of triumph as the soul which he loved went forth to such vast enlargement, to such glorious consummation of its life."

These words seem so true of Oliver VanWagnen, and to the Mother has been given just such a vision and her

life has been enlarged and helped already because of the uplift of the passing of the spirit of one she loved so well.

Dr. Dawley, assisted by Rev. Mr. Manwell, conducted the service which was held at the home on Monday, July 7th, at 7:30 p. m. Oliver had written out the service to be found in his book "With the Sorrowing." The Scripture was read as he had selected it, with Tennyson's poem "Crossing the Bar." The note struck in the remarks made was one of triumph. There was little to make one think of death, rather it was a time to be glad that one had been permitted to know this life and be inspired by it. The following day we took the body to McLean, N. Y., where in a quiet, peaceful spot in God's acre we left it and came away satisfied that it was the body only we were leaving, that he was with God.

Just a word of the prayer meeting we attended the next evening. The pastor was absent and a business man led the service. He said Dr. Dawley had told him, on Sunday, of words spoken by our Brother VanWagnen to his Mother, "Mother, we must live the Victorious Life." The words had been ringing in his ears since and he felt he wanted to give them to the people. He talked a little of Oliver's life, and said, "What is this victorious life? What does it mean to us? Are we living it?" His remarks were impressive, and after a season of earnest prayer, Mrs. VanWagnen gave a wonderful testimony of God's love to her, the marvelous quiet and peace which possessed her and how she was being enabled to live the victorious life. As we listened to the testimonies following, we thought of the words, "Who being dead yet speaketh," and so though he is not here in body, his work will go on and on.

The hymn, "I will tell the wondrous story" was sung, and the Mother's voice rang out clear and strong in the words, "Sing it with the saints in glory," and she can sing and will be able to rise above the sense of loss that must come oftentimes.

"They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blest with their presence and love.

"The work that they left, and the books that they read,
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare;
And the songs that they sung, the dear words that they
 said,
Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.

"And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng,
Or when evil allures us, or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently, 'Nay, do not the wrong,'
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

"We toil at our tasks in the burden and heat
Of life's passionate noon; they are folded in peace.
It is well; we rejoice that their heaven is sweet,
And one day for us all the bitter will cease."

V. A. G.

REV. OLIVER VAN WAGNEN.

A LOVABLE CHARACTER

I LOVED him the first time I ever met him. His was a magnetic character. It drew people to him. His open heart, smiling face and manifest sympathy attracted others and attached them to him. One could not but love him for he called out love from others because of his love for them. His soul seemed almost transparent. It spoke in his bearing and looks and made people feel that he was what the world yearns for and admires most, viz: a man who is what he seems and seems what he is. Such men are all too scarce and their price is above rubies and their worth above price.

AN IMPRESSIVE CAREER

His life was not long but it told. He lived not many years but he lived much. The worth of a life is not to be measured by the days one lives but by the deeds one does. Some people put more into a life in days than others do in decades. His time was crowded with that which tells when one has gone out of sight and beyond reach, filled with good deeds and uplifting influences that abide forever, making the world richer and life more worth living. He has made a deep impress upon many beings who can never be again what they were before they met him and his personality. East and west are moving influences to-day that he started, and they will continue on their way ever enlarging and expanding in their beneficent power. The churches which he served and the people whom he helped both in the east and in the west remain to bear testimony to the blessings that he brought and the benefits that he conferred, as the cleansed earth and revived crops do to the worth of the shower that has passed but left behind the falling drops that have given

new life to the parched and praying fields. New life has been left, where he has lived, and new ideals of character are even now awakening incentives in many of the homes and hearts that have known and felt his presence and heard his words. The future only can measure his worth and compute the value of the thoughts that he has instilled in other minds.

“Only a thought, but it ran through a life
like a thread of gold,
And that life bore fruit a hundred fold.”

A TRIUMPHANT LIFE

We ought to rejoice in the life that he lived and ought not to weep over his going, for he has demonstrated the fact that a man can live a life triumphant in spite of apparently insuperable difficulties and persistent sufferings. He kept sweet in sufferings and dutiful in difficulties. Trouble sours some people but it did not him. He nor others could not remove the disadvantages and discouragements under which he lived and labored, but he was not conquered by them. He rose above them and triumphed over them. He exhorted others to live what he himself called “the triumphant life,” and he exhibited in himself what he recommended to others. He was comforted with the comfort wherewith he comforted others and supported by the God whom he presented to others. He is what we call dead, but in reality he is living, living the life he loved and with the One whom he loved and whose Gospel he heralded. I think of him not as sleeping in the ground after his burial but as with the Christ whom he served. He is at home where face to face he beholds Him whose image he is to bear. Dead he may be called, but speaking he is to-day, speaking of triumph, of glory, and of possibilities realized.

REV. W. W. DAWLEY, D.D.

THE TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND

OLIVER VAN WAGNEN trod the King's Highway with such purposeful confidence that we were all inspired to better things by his example. In the midst of suffering and the limitation imposed by physical weakness, he kept on his way unafraid, when a man of less faith and less courage would have ceased to try. The ordinary did not satisfy him. He had caught the gleam and it gave his willing spirit no rest. And he approached death in the same spirit in which he had lived his life, with calm confidence, abiding faith, and even joyful expectation. We were made better by his life, and his triumphant death impressed me anew with the reality of that deathless life of which the earth-life is the portal and eternity the glorious temple.

AUGUSTINE P. MANWELL.

Syracuse, N. Y.



FROM SUNOL (CALIF.) CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

MR. VAN WAGNEN came to Sunol as pastor, April 15, 1906, in response to a unanimous call of the congregation.

Was ordained here in March of the following year.

Under his pastorate the church prospered greatly, both spiritually and financially. All of the organizations seeming to feel his influence, worked with new vigor and life.

A parsonage, which the church had never had before, was built and the church furnished with a pulpit and pews as a result of his earnest work and efforts.

Very much to the regret of the church and community, Mr. VanWagnen resigned on Nov. 3, 1907, to accept

a call to a larger field and a more beneficial climate,—this being necessary on account of his health.

A memorial service was held on Sunday, August 3, 1913. The church was beautifully decorated, and the music, hymns and anthems were those which he particularly loved.

The sermon was preached by Professor Buckham, of the Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley, one of Mr. VanWagnen's much beloved teachers, and was a beautiful and feeling address. He said in part:

"It is most fitting that a service in memory of Mr. VanWagnen should be held in this church in which he was ordained and which he served so faithfully and efficiently.

"Mr. VanWagnen was one of the most joyous and vital young men I ever knew. The joy of the Lord was his strength.

"We are hearing much in these days of the Gospel of Good Health and it is a good gospel as far as it goes. But there is something far finer and of more worth than bodily health and that is, health of soul. For many years Mr. VanWagnen struggled with the inroads of an insidious disease, and yet through it all he showed us how to make the most and best of life.

"He loved the Beautiful. Nature—these hills and valleys—music, as the choir which he organized in this church attests,—art—all the best things in life were dear to him. And his joy was greater because he shared these enjoyments generously with others. He knew the meaning of the words: 'What others do not with me share seems scarce my own.'

"The last time I saw him was in 1910, when going east with my family. He came down to the train to meet us, very early in the morning, with his mother, as we passed through Syracuse, with good cheer and remembrances in that loving and loyal way that we love to remember in him. It was typical of his kindness and thoughtfulness.

“Over the grave of a certain talented and attractive young person is this inscription: ‘She asked of Thee, life, and Thou gavest her Life Eternal.’ Mr. VanWag-
nen loved life, and made good use of it. We have good reason to believe that he has been given ‘length of days forever and ever’.”

COMMITTEE, SUNOL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Sunol, Alameda County, California.

FROM AUBURN (CALIF.) CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

UPON LEARNING of the passing into the higher realm of life of Rev. Oliver VanWagnen, former pastor of ours, the members of the First Congregational Church of Auburn, held a meeting (Sunday, Sept. 28th), at which they appointed a committee to pay a tribute, in grateful memory of his life among us.

He came to us on Nov. 20th, 1907, and, owing to ill-health and an imperative demand for rest, resigned his work on Aug. 7th, 1909.

During his short pastorate every department of church work flourished abundantly. He was full of progressive ideas relating to each department, and he possessed the energy necessary for their execution, which energy never failed; nor did his interest flag; nor his cheerfulness cease, though his health was failing. We have nothing but profound admiration for his undaunted courage, his indefatigable labors, his sunny disposition.

He once remarked to a friend that he did not feel his mission was to preach great sermons—but to create an atmosphere about the church life, which should be an uplifting force in our community. Though he is silent, beautiful growing shrubs and verdant lawn outside and artistic effects inside testify in this behalf, and his memory is all about us.

We wish to express our sense of his valuable service to our church, and to extend our deepest sympathy to his father and mother in their irreparable loss; committing them to the God of all comfort—whom he loved and served.

MRS. EDMUND F. WALDO,
MISS ELINOR FULLER,
MRS. GEORGE COLLINS,
First Congregational Church.

Auburn, Calif., Sept. 28th, 1913.

FROM THE CHURCH AT WANAKENA, N. Y.

WE feel that we, too, have suffered an incalculable loss in the death of this consecrated minister of the gospel. In his short pastorate here of two years he accomplished much and left an abiding influence for good in the community. While he never was vigorous in body, in fact, much of the time he carried about an almost unbearable burden of ill health, yet in him the triumph of the intellectual and spiritual was truly marvelous, as he hid his own physical discomfort behind an appearance of cheerfulness and sought to help others to bear their burdens. He was gifted with a fine personality, was a pleasing speaker and was furnished with a splendid intellectual equipment. Inspired by high ideals and by a sense of the spiritual possibilities of those about him, he sought with deep consecration to develop those possibilities. While they say he is dead, yet we know he lives, and we hold him in loving memory assured that he left with us an abiding influence for good.



PERSONAL TRIBUTES

FROM Pres. C. S. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Calif.: A braver life struggle with a serener faith and a brighter cheerfulness, I never expect to see. His beautiful personality and his victory through defeat will be a cherished memory with us here. We have had no student so intuitive and visional, to whom the world of living spirits seemed so real and near, in whom the life of the spirit was so genuine and unobstructed. The passage to his present home must have been short and as familiar as it can be to a mortal. Mrs. Nash and I do not cease to be thankful for our friendship

with him and that we have known a Christian man of his pure spiritual quality. Our faith in the destiny of man and of mankind is raised and strengthened. Certainly we are made for God and shall be brought back to Him. And your son shows us how nearly man may return to God and how simply and clearly may live in Him while yet in the flesh.

From John Wright Buckham, D. D., Dept. of Theology of Pacific Theological Seminary: Noble and lovable, pure and highminded, keen of intellect and brave of heart, he was one of the choicest young men entering the ministry whom it has been my privilege to instruct and love. It seems a short term of service, but how much of enthusiasm and devotion he put into it. Surely you have reason to be grateful and proud of such a son. * * * At the Seminary, which opens August 19th, there will be, you may be sure, loving and appreciative words spoken of Oliver, who held a warm place in the hearts of both students and faculty.

From Rev. Edw. D. Gaylord, Pastor Second Congregational Church, Oak Park, Ill.: * * * It's hard to understand why, when God gave him such powers, as he certainly had, he was not given the strength to use them to the full. For he was capable of no small work. * * He was so cheerful, so sympathetic, so interested in others and so ready to help. * * * I am so glad that I could begin such a friendship as we had—and the end isn't yet.

From Rev. Charles Nicholas Thorp, Pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Duluth, Minn.: * * when I ran across a splendid article of his in an educational journal on the Pedagogy of Jesus. He has written some excellent things for The Congregationalist, and I could see how the rare promise of his youth was being fulfilled.

It is wonderful how much fine, faithful work he did, in spite of his slender health. I always felt that, given a return to robust condition, he would become one of our great men. * * Among those whom I shall love to see in that blessed country, the dear face of your strong young son is one I shall look for most eagerly.

From Rev. Alfred E. Thistleton of Mendham, N. J.: I find it hard to write about Oliver. I could write better about somebody that I cared less for—somebody whose qualities were less precious. He was a dear and a very brave boy. That's all I can say, now. Without ever preaching he proved many things to me, and most that the world is sound at heart, that God is, and that our religion is true. He was a living epistle.

From Miss Adele Easton of Long Beach, Calif.; The year of association with Rev. VanWagnen at Wanakena, in Church and Sunday School, in school work, in our literary club, and the Friday evenings in our own little home, made me feel I knew him pretty well. I always marveled at his wonderful energy, his many-sided interests, religious, social, literary, musical, educational. His contact with life was so strong, so vital, and at so many different points while he, physically, always seemed on the verge of the other world. His indomitable courage, his self-forgetfulness, his devotion to his work bore him on with such a well poised life that times you quite forgot the fearful odds against which he struggled. Only once do I recall seeing him bowed down with the weight of his infirmity and then for a short period only. In many ways he reminded me of Robert Louis Stevenson. His cheery spirit, his joyous and brave outlook upon life, were as pronounced and beautiful as were Stevenson's. His courage was of an even higher type than Stevenson's in that it was self-renunciatory, never flaunting itself. * * His

beautiful life has been and shall ever be an inspiration toward truer and nobler living.

From a parishioner at Wanakena: We think of Rev. Oliver VanWagnen as one of the strongest and bravest of men, so strong for God and the right, so brave in suffering. As pastor of our Wanakena Church, he often was heard to remark: "I want to do all the good I can while I live." The earnestness of his voice, the light that lit up his face, while speaking these words have been an inspiration to us, so that we have adopted them as our life motto.

From Wilbur Bull, Hartford, Conn.: He made a place for himself in the prayer meetings of the group of post-graduates, and in the hours we read together, and in all the pleasant and helpful talks with each other. We all regretted that he had not the strength of body to make the brilliancy of his mind to be felt in a still larger circle.

As showing the estimate formed from but one meeting with him, we present the following account of the last service at which he officiated, on Sunday, January 5th, 1913, in the Congregational Church of Enfield, Mass.: Our people felt it a most impressive service, one of the most impressive they ever had attended. At his request the organist played softly some of the old church hymns, and the very atmosphere partook of a spiritual nature while we gathered at the Lord's table. Although your son was with us only one Sabbath, he attached himself to many of our people, and they wanted him with us again. He showed an exceptionally brilliant and spiritual mind in all the services of the day.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

A BEAUTIFUL character indeed. An exemplar of the triumphant life.

The nobility, the strength and the inspiration here which made him so dear to all of us have given him an abundant entrance into the new life.

His life was like a beautiful radiance thrown upon our pathway so pure and refined more fitting for the skies than for earth.

All of us who have met him, however much or little we knew him, feel that he has meant something to us, for it was so apparently a life nobly and courageously lived.

My acquaintance with him will always remain one of my brightest memories. With Wanakena days will always be associated his lovable and charming personality, his brave, helpful spirit, and his merry heart.

I remember him so well in his early high school days when he was one of my favorite pupils. What a fine life he lived.

No one could know him but to love him and receive good in some way by being with him.

What a beautiful life his was! He was always aspiring but now his aspirations are all being realized and what long strides he will make. He will be able to teach us all how to enjoy heaven when we find ourselves there.

Everybody's memory of him must be a bright one, he was always so cheerful and forgetful of himself.

His teachings have helped me to become a better man. For this reason his friendship was very dear to me. But I know that his spirit, which in reality is the man, still lives and sustains me.

You were blessed with the companionship of a rare mind, and character these years. And those who were privileged to know Oliver will always feel that their lives are richer for the friendship.

He was so sympathetic and kind. I never knew such a noble, self-sacrificing life, and to be his friend was a privilege.

He was so pure, so clean, so innocent in his conduct everywhere. It was good for us to have known him. He has made the world better in each of the spots he has tarried for a time; life more genuine, some lots brighter, some burdens less. We would emulate his example.

We have a large measure of comfort in knowing that the beautiful, clean, Christian character which was developed here cannot do otherwise than develop farther and unfold in a richer and more abundant life in the beyond. His ministry was not a long one but the Great Teacher gave only three years to personal work among men, and we believe his influence is stronger to-day than in his own time. So, also, we believe your son's work is only begun and that his influence and teaching will live after we all have passed away.

His life was so full of usefulness and beauty to the very end. I have never come in contact with any influence so strong and compelling and so unconsciously beautiful in its radiance of the Christ Life.

Oliver and his Saviour were such good friends and what a glorious inheritance was ready for him.

The dear mother-heart longs for her beautiful boy but endures cheerfully and calmly because she is anointed and takes the cup and renders praises to her God.

It makes my heart leap up to think of those free glorious spaces where Oliver's spirit lives, of the wonderful things that are waiting for him to do, the work he loved and was well fitted for. He was a beautiful son and a great and wonderful man.

Oliver was a crown of joy to his dear mother. How kind, how thoughtful, how great, she still has her mother's crown and a thousand beautiful memories.

Some day when I am gazing at those wide, beauti-

ful spaces and see a joyous youth with stars upon his brow coming toward me, I shall wonder who is meeting me and then he will give me a smile and I shall say in joy, "That is Oliver's smile! It was always a heavenly smile and he is just the same as ever," and he will take me to the right place, the one prepared for me and will describe to me in his own delightful way all the beauties and wonders of the Promised Land about us, a land in which he will be so well prepared to live.



A NEAR FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

OLIVER VAN WAGNEN was one of those rare spirits whose fellowship makes you happier, better and braver. He seemed to be absolutely untainted by those impurities that taint most men. Injury or opposition awakened in him no resentment, although he always labored earnestly for every good cause around him. Abounding cheerfulness and ready tact won him the hearts of people everywhere, while his kindness involved him in an endless variety of services to every sort of humanity. In fact, angelic sweetness is no hyperbole in speaking of him, and the enthusiastic affection of men, women and children for him merely betokened his ready sympathy with them. His genial, affable nature drew all hearts to him instinctively.

As a son in the home he was loyalty, courtesy and truth incarnate, and words cannot picture the ecstasy in the companionship of mother and son. Her constant watch-care and anxious mother-love were reflected in his own countless measure of purest affection, so that, "just for them to be together was delight exalted, beatific, supernal." His gracious smile and exquisitely tender devotion and refined speech now are mere memories, but such

memories! As treasures untold they enrich daily life and sanctify the common round as though the gates of Paradise were ever near, and Oliver, himself, seems to companion her now as only they know who have passed under a like chrym of sorrow.

The writer and family became deeply attached to him as a friend, and our sense of loss is very wounding, for we found in him evidences of the rarest beauty of character. Candor, fidelity, chaste and delicate feeling yet broad charity, all these illumined by splendid gifts of artistic taste and singular felicity of expression—these combined together with a strong mind to form a personality inspiring great admiration and warm love. Careful and pure in thought, sublime in motive and aspiration, he already had begun to reveal those powers that would have won him the fairest fame had life been spared. And he dared to think for himself in all things, having passed through that period of doubt when the active, young mind questions Hebrew tradition, until his own rational faith beheld the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as its only essentials. To us he seemed to be the choicest and noblest spirit we ever knew.

True knighthood was in fairest flower in him: not knighthood of caste and gory combat, but knighthood of character. His gallantry toward her who bore him, his loyalty to truth and righteousness at any cost, his heraldry of purest honor, his insignia of Christian dignity, his shield of faith and sword of the spirit, mark him as our ideal knight armed cap-a-pie for the world's deliverance from old error and for the triumph of the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace. Now that he is translated, we love to picture him merely as promoted to a higher life, and oh, how we long to greet him there, to clasp him again in fond embrace, and to rejoice with him forevermore.

ORVILLE A. BABCOCK, Madrid, N. Y.

LAURELS AND IMMORTELLES

“**H**E has solved the wonderful problem,
The deepest, the strangest, the last,
And into the school of the angels.
With the answer forever has passed.

How strange that in spite of our questions,
He maketh no answer nor tells
Why so soon were honouring laurels
Displaced by God's own Immortelles.

How strange he should sleep so profoundly,
So young, so unworn by the strife;
While beside him, full of life's nectar,
Untouched, stands the goblet of life.

It is idle to talk of the future,
And the 'might have been,' 'mid our tears;
God knew all about it, yet took him
Away from the oncoming years.

God knew all about it—how noble,
How gentle he was, and how brave,
How brilliant his possible future—
Yet laid him at rest in the grave.

God knew all about those who loved him,
How bitter the trial must be;
And, right through it all, God is loving,
And knew so much better than we.

So in the darkness be trustful,
One day you shall say, 'it is well,'
God took from his young brow earth's laurels,
And crowned him with Life's Immortelles.”

Anonymous.

KN.

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